



BUSINESS CARDS.

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COMPENSATION.

One woman, in furs and velvets; Another, in squalid rags; One rolled by in her stately carriage; The other stood on the flags.

One woman, alone in her carriage; By the other, a little child Who, watching the prancing horses, Looked up in her face and smiled.

She stooped to her boy and kissed him, And gave him a hoarded crust; The other had just left costly blooms Where her son lay in dust.

One, back to her darkened mansion, Wealth cannot hold death at bay! One, back to the hut where labor Brought bread for the coming day.

Perhaps, as over the sands of life, Time's great tide ebbs and flows, More faces among us are equal Than their outward seeming shows. —All the Year Round.

CAPT. MARVIN'S WOOING.

The curious-minded used some years ago to search for the quaint inscription that could be traced upon a mouldy stone in the ancient burying ground in old Lyme Regis, known in these later years as Lyme. The memorial, when found, could be deciphered thus: This Deacon, aged 68, is freed on earth from serving: May for a crown no longer wait: Lyme's Captain Renold Marvin.

Yet, according to the tale that mothers told daughters for many years more than a hundred, Captain Marvin found a crown whose gentle, blue-eyed wearer ruled him and his imperious will with the peaceful sceptre of love, and this is the tradition: There were the sounds of breaking branches and the tread of feet that seemed heavily weighted one afternoon of early September in the year 1700. These noises seemed to be caused by some one laboring severely just within the wilderness that stretched far back into Connecticut colony from the shore of the sound. The man who heard these ominous sounds peeped cautiously around for an instant, and then stared with wonder upon what was revealed to him. He saw coming from the woods another man, hat carrying on his shoulders, half dragging, and straining at every muscle with the weight, a great black thing that seemed the full size of a well-grown ox.

"This Renold," said the man, "and he hath a bear." Then he went up to the hunter. "A bear, the bear, Renold. The brute that has given us so much concern. 'Tis a monster." The hunter loosed his hold and, panting with his exertion, seated himself upon a stone. He was a young man, and, though the blood of the beast had stained his face so that the color almost masked his countenance, yet the dark and resolute eyes, the firm set jaw, and the defiant manner of the man, exhausted as he was, caused the other to look with admiration upon him rather than upon his prize.

"'Tis a monster, Renold. You did not fight it all alone?" "Why not? Shall a strong man with blunderbuss and knife fear a brute?" "Many an armed man has been killed by such a one."

"Bah! None but babes and sucklings. There, I am rested now. 'Twas more difficult to fetch him here than to kill him. You stay here with him. Here, here, my gun and knife. I, too, go for help to bring him to the settlement."

"Ab, but, Renold, perhaps his mate—"

"Art fearful of a dead brute? Yet I slew him alone. Truly I did. I lie not."

"I know you do not lie. Your communication is always true, you and my nay."

"Fear nothing, for I will soon be back."

The young man, without another word, went quickly down the highway, a mile, perhaps, until he stopped before a clumsy, rough-barred gate set in the stone wall. Then he strode across a meadow, heavy with aftermath, until he reached a well sweep, whose bucket swung high in the air. With the strength of one sinewy wrist, he poured the water, cool as a winter spring, upon his head, and with the other hand most energetically bathed his neck and face till the skin was almost as ruddy as the stains his late slaughter left upon him.

"There," said he at length: "water for strong men, milk for babes, and rum for the weak and foolish." Then, as he was about to start again, he stopped in listening attitude.

"What's that I hear? Thump, thump. Ah, 'tis Betty, at her loom. I'll speak to her."

He went over the slope whereon the well was and, just beyond, came upon a farm house whose lean-to-roof was pitched against the little hill, so that, in coming down, he might have walked right up the roof to the ridge piece. He turned aside, however, and stood upon the kitchen door sill, and then he saw the maid at her loom,

though she saw him not. It seemed to please this strong man to look upon her, or upon her quick and graceful motion at the loom, though her face was hidden from him. Then, too, he saw—and wondered why he never took heed of them before—that two long and truly braided braids of hair hung far below her waist, so that, as she sat there at the loom, the ends of them seemed to rest upon the floor. That sight pleased him, too.

Soon he spoke, but the shuttle and the loom made a order noise than he so he advanced and touched her. She was not startled, thinking some inmate of the house had summoned her. But when she saw this strong man looking down upon her she was confused in an instant, with a pleasing confusion, and then she rose and greeted him.

"Renold, you spoke not. 'Twas not seemly thus to startle me."

"I spoke. You heard not. Truly I did."

"Why, what's happened to you? See, your garments are rent, and here, why, here there's blood, Renold, and these are half-washed stains upon your cheeks. Has there been trouble with the Indians? Are you hurt?"

"'Tis nothing, I this morning, met the bear that's made havoc here and I killed him."

"You alone?" "Why not alone?" "Yes, at dawn."

"'Twas foolish bravery. And you had a struggle?" "Bears are not slaughtered like sheep, unyieldingly. I gave him my musket first and he came at me and I gave him my knife at the heart. But, mistress, you've been busy. Wove you this homespun this morning?"

"Yes. Truly I did."

"'Tis a fine piece. There are no swifter nor truer fingers in all this colony than yours. What are you doing now?"

She had bustled about and now brought him bread and cheese and great brown nut cakes, and she said: "You have eaten nothing. That I know. Eat this, and I will bring you milk."

"You are a thoughtful maid, but bring no milk; water for such as I."

As he began to eat, she saw that the sleeve on his right arm was badly rent. She saw more, and, with a little exclamation, grasped his arm.

"You're hurt, Renold. The bear has bitten you. See, the wound bleeds."

"Oh, 'tis only a scratch by his claws. Let be. Let be, I say."

"But I will not let be. Sit here."

"Will not? None say so to me. Nevertheless I say it. Sit there and let me staunch the flow."

He looked curiously upon her, she glancing back, half pleading, half commanding, and, to his great amazement, he found that he obeyed her. She soon had the sleeve rolled up, and then she found two long, deep scratches from the elbow to the wrist. She bathed them gently, and as she did so he wondered how those small, gentle hands of hers could have so much of firmness in their touch. He smiled as he so thought, and she knew it.

"You smile. Yet I know you suffer. Do I bungle so that you find mirth in my notions?"

"No, Betty. 'Twas for something else I smiled, if I did smile. I did think 'Here this little maid hath me in her power; yet with my thumb and finger thus I might crush you, so slight and tender are you.'"

"In my power?" said the maid, inquiringly, as she bound a linen bandage on the wound.

"Aye. You compelled me to obey you."

"Why not? Brave men like you are worth the effort of compelling."

"Hev, there, Betty. I understand your philosophy not, but somehow I am content. 'Tis not a displeasing bondage for the moment, and then somehow I did feel healing in the touch of your fingers, so soft are they."

"The girl laughed gently. 'Betty, do you compel young Matthew to do your bidding?'"

"Him I neither compel nor permit."

"So I shall. Of that be well assured." She said this with lowered tones and gently bended head, her cheeks suffusing, but the strong man thought she was just then gently absorbed with her occupation over his wound.

"I must haste now," said he at length. "I must go to the settlement for help to bring the brute, for he is very heavy. Come. Let me finish my bread and cheese."

"You should not walk so far. You should give the wound some chance to heal."

"But I am going."

"No. I will not suffer it."

"You will not? You?" He laughed almost contemptuously.

She said no more, but when his eyes were not upon her she silently withdrew. A brief time later he heard a horse approaching, and from the window he saw Betty Lee, seated firmly on a sheep's pelt that served for a saddle, and, with her red lips partly parted and a saucy smile in her blue eyes, she said:

"Rest you there, Renold, till I return. I am going to the settlement for you;" and, with a word to the mare, she flew away.

"That maid hath spirit," mused the discomfited captain, "slight though she be, and she rides her mare as no woman ever rode. But what! What am I! Here I am again overpowered by her. I slew a ferocious beast this morning, and yet this little child restrains me. 'Tis strange, but 'tis rather pleasing to be commanded by her. I do not seem to rebel. But no more of that today, no more."

When the fair Betty came slowly riding back a half hour later, she looked demurely upon him with her blue eyes, as he put out his hand for a stepping stone, and thus on one hand bore her like a trifle from the saddle to the ground.

"The men will come at once," she said. He made no reply, but led the mare to the shed and then strode away with mighty steps; and when she saw him later, he was with imperious tones commanding the men to carry a bear's haunch to the old fort at Saylor's Point, and the men obeyed him, too.

For many days Betty saw Renold no more, except in his solitary seat at the meeting-house upon the Lord's day. But one day she perceived him from her chamber window, making his way toward the well that he might drink. Very demurely Betty threw a hood about her fair head, and with a bucket and downcast eyes went to the well herself. He had the bucket to his lips and heard her not, so that she stood within hand's reach of him, he not knowing it. When he lowered the bucket she spoke.

"You will fill it again for me, and I will thank you Renold."

He turned surprised, and for a moment looked in silence upon her, his body towering great and mighty above her slender, graceful figure.

"You came so still," he said, at length.

"As you came when last I saw you."

"Would you try to frighten me, child?"

"Nay, no one ever made you know what fear was, Renold. Then how could I? Yet perhaps you fear me."

"Why say you that?"

"You used to come once in a while to see my father. Now you come not at all. You may come, Renold. I will leave the room to you, if I alarm you."

"'Twas in my heart to come, but in my resolution to come not; so I came not."

"Why, Renold?"

"Truly, I know not. 'Tis pain to keep away, yet I will not come."

"How are your wounds, Renold?"

"Well, thanks to you. Sometimes I seem to feel your touch upon my arm. 'Tis pleasant. But I must go now, Betty."

"Whither, Renold?"

"To capture a rascally Indian, a dangerous fellow, who doth terrify our people, and they fear him. But I will take him, or he will take my scalp."

She put her bucket down and came forward, laying her hand upon his arm, and looked upon him pleadingly.

"Go you alone, Renold?"

"Aye, why not?"

"'Tis very brave, I know, but 'tis dangerous. Do not go alone."

"But I will. The Lord hath commanded me to capture him."

"But not alone. You shall not go alone."

"I shall not. Humph! Who will prevail against me?"

"I will. Come, Renold, promise me to call your company and select from them some sturdy men; then I will let you go."

"That is nonsense. Come; delay me not." He moved a bit, but the little maid stood quickly right in his path, lifting her blue eyes to his.

"You shall not go alone. I—cannot suffer you to be foolhardy. All know your bravery. You need not this exploit to prove it."

"Let me pass, Betty."

He looked upon her curiously. With one motion of his powerful arm he

could have overcome her, but he faltered. Then he said: "I would I had not met you."

"Why Renold?"

"Because of your constraint of me. I hate it, yet I like it. Truly I do. I lie not, Betty. And there's the mystery of it. I hate it, yet I like it. Come, it shall be as you say. I will take companions."

"Then I will leave you. You never fail to keep your promise."

When next she saw him he was retreating with a captive, a strong and treacherous savage, whom the companions said the captain had mastered single-handed.

Then many weeks passed till it was the dead of winter, and she knew that he avoided her. One Sunday, after service, he found her by chance as if seemed, right in his path.

"The Lord be with you, Betty," he said, and then passed on.

"Renold! Renold!" she called gently.

"You spoke Betty?"

"My father is ill, and desires above all things to see you. Will you not come to-night? You will find him alone."

"If 'tis to see him, so be it Betty."

When, on that evening he had spent an hour with Father Lee, the old man said, "Renold, the maid hath a sweet voice, and on the Lord's day night she reads the Scripture to me. Stay you and hear her."

Then Capt. Marvin, much as he wished to go, weighed more to stay, and while thus struggling with himself in unaccustomed hesitancy, the father called the girl. She came, just curtseying with indifference that pained Renold. Then, when her father asked her to read, she took the great Bible in her lap, bent her fair head over its pages, and began, in soft but clearest tones to read the tale of Ruth. As she read on Captain Marvin forgot himself and all save this sacred tale so sweetly and effectively repeated by the gentle maid. She paused not till she had finished. Then she rose, bade them good night and was about to go.

"Stay, Betty," he said. "Let me thank you. Never was sweeter romance written, but never before knew I that ill now."

"'Tis indeed a beautiful tale, if you liked it. There are others in the Word more to your liking."

"What others?"

"Joshua, for instance, the mighty warrior."

"Aye, but I want a strong man to read that."

"Who but yourself should read it then?"

"Would you like me to do so?"

"Greatly."

So he took up the Bible and read with strong, resonant voice, of Joshua's mighty deeds.

"I thank you, Renold. Never before realized I the half of Joshua's valor. I think he must have been somewhat like unto you, Renold; and now, good night."

"Stay, Betty. The hour is early yet."

"Nay, I think 'tis well I bid you good night."

She opened the door, behind which were abrupt oaken stairs that led almost perpendicularly to her little chamber under the rafters; and, with one foot on the lowest step, she turned her head, looking over her shoulder to say good night.

LAST WEEK IN THE STATE.

Happings Social, Political, Financial and otherwise.

A. Garrett will build a large hotel at Asheville. The Tobacco Convention is to be held at Morehead City, August 17, 1887.

C. N. Brown has received the contract for the brick work of a new jail at Roxboro.

The Staly Observer says that the Biles gold mine, at Bilesville, has been sold for \$6,000.

J. M. Tierman, of Asheville, will receive bids for erecting a school building until July 15.

The Cedar Falls Manufacturing Co., have bought sprinkling machinery for their cotton mills. They contemplate doubling their capacity.

A four-story tobacco stemmery, 40x180 feet, will be erected by Allen & Ginter, of Richmond, Va., at Henderson.

Some additional machinery will be added to the cotton factory of the Naami Falls Manufacturing Company at Randleman.

The Randleman Manufacturing Co., will put some additional machinery in their cotton mill. Machinery for electric lighting will also be put in.

About fifty North Carolina editors have reported to the secretary their intention to attend the meeting at Hendersonville on the 20th inst.

Messrs. Wahab Bros., of Hyde county, report to Commissioner Robinson 1300 acres in corn and 1100 in rice, and that both crops "are better than ever before."

The managers of the colored State fair report that their race feels marked interest in the exhibition next November at Raleigh and that it will be the best yet held by the North Carolina Industrial Association.

There is to be an election in August on fence law for Icard and part of Lovelady townships, in Burke county. It is predicted that after this election, stock will have to be kept up and the fences may come down.

An accident at the Point mine near Charlotte, N. C., on Monday killed Richard Caldwell, colored, and badly wounded Matthew Moyle. It was caused by the breaking loose of a bucket in a shaft.

Mr. F. P. Williams, drug clerk for Dr. J. B. Clifton, at Louisburg, shot and killed Randal Williams (op) at 8 o'clock Tuesday morning. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide. Particulars were not learned.

From the Durham Recorder it is learned that the contract for building the new Durham county court house has been awarded to Messrs. Ellington, Royster & Co., of Raleigh. A number of bids were made, but the Raleigh firm's bid was \$4000 less than any other.

The old established firm of Edwards, Broughton & Co., has dissolved by mutual consent. Messrs. C. B. Edwards and N. B. Broughton will continue to carry on the printing and binding department, while Rev. C. T. Bailey will retain charge of the Biblical Depot.

The North Carolina Board of Pharmacy will meet in Asheville, August 23 and 24, for the examination of applicants to practice pharmacy in the state. At the same time and place, the North Carolina Pharmaceutical Association will meet in annual session. Particulars may be obtained from Wm. Simpson, secretary, Raleigh.

Mr. W. F. Trogen, of Greensboro, was seriously wounded at Germantown on the 4th, by a loaded case in hands of a drunken negro whom he attempted to keep off of a small boy whom the negro was beating. It may be well for the negro that some of the Greensboro boys were not present at the time.

Up to a recent period the engines on the North Carolina railroad between Greensboro and Goldsboro used only wood for fuel. Now coal is used on the passenger engines, and it is learned, will soon be used on the freight engine also. It marks the growing scarcity of timber fit for such uses immediately on some of the lines of railway. The consumption of timber has been enormous.

Elkanah Drum, who lived about three miles east of Hickory, committed suicide last Tuesday night, by cutting his throat. No reason can be assigned for the rash act, except that he was suffering from mental aberration. It seems that he was given to fits of despondency, and they had become so frequent that his family approached no danger therefrom. On the night he killed himself he was suffering from one of these fits.

Operatives are at work under Mining Engineer Anderson on the mining property of Messrs. E. M. Caldelevaugh & Bro., four miles from Thomasville and near the Silver Valley. The name of the mine is now "Roanoke," and Mr. Anderson reports that the vein developed is 2 to 2 1/2 feet wide and 1000 feet long, and the ore fine. Thomasville is full of mining men from all parts of the United States, and some from Europe. Preparations are being made for smelting works at Thomasville.

SOUTH CAROLINA NEWS.

What our Neighbors in the Palmetto State are doing.—A Budget of Notes on Matters in General.

A cotton factory is projected at Greenwood.

A large hotel is reported to be erected at Panacea Springs.

A flour mill is being erected by Thomas Crymes at Williamston.

Glorious rains have fallen around Union last week.

A land and improvement company will probably be organized at Greenville.

Moffet, Hodgkins & Clarke, of Watertown, N. Y., have contracted to build water works at Spartanburg.

About \$2,000 has been subscribed for the building of the new Methodist church at Lancaster.

Several of Spartanburg's citizens are getting much interested in the establishment of a female school there.

E. A. Bronson, the oldest editor in the state, and proprietor of the Barnwell Sentinel, died on Sunday night last.

The formation of a county medical society is being agitated among the doctors of Edgefield county. Dr. F. W. P. Butler is the prime mover.

Turner will make a showing of self-defence when the Spartanburg court comes up there three weeks hence, for the shooting of the German.

Three North Carolina convicts at work on the C. G. & L. railroad, 18 miles from Lancaster, made their escape from the guards last Friday. Two were white men.

Peter Williams, who killed Eldrid McKinny, in Edgefield, on the 2nd instant, is still at large. A warrant for his arrest is in the hands of the sheriff.

W. A. Wright, representing the Brush Electric Light Co., is negotiating for the erection of an electric light plant, at Greenville.

The Lancaster Review says the grand jury, at Chester, found a true bill against J. Harvey Neely for sending a challenge to Mr. J. H. McMurray to fight a duel. The case was continued to the next term of the court.

The State Board of Agriculture met in Columbia last Monday and decided upon Spartanburg and Darlington as the towns in which to locate experimental stations, as provided by the last Legislature.

The barbecue season will open soon. W. J. Mills will give one at Col. N. H. Pount's, near Prosperity, the 29th instant, and J. J. Hipp will give one at his residence, near Fomaria, the 6th of August.

Last week Mr. David Hagins received a painful hurt on his left arm while crossing the bridge near Mr. Craig's store by a missile which was accidentally fired from a beanshooter. —Rock Hill Herald.

The Greenwood male high school has just received a valuable library of 435 volumes from Col. James Edward Calhoun, of Abbeville county. He states that another shipment will be made in a few days. The books received are standard works.

A meeting of the Chester survivors of the 6th regiment, S. C. V., was held at that place on Saturday last. President C. W. McFadden called the meeting to order, and stated the object to be the election of officers for the ensuing year and the transaction of any other business that might come before it.

The steam fire-engine recently purchased from the Silsby Company is expected to arrive soon, and the house in which it will be kept is now being erected on Depot street. A cistern 20 feet long, 12 wide and 10 deep, is being dug near by. —Rock Hill Herald.

The closing exercises of the Waterboro Male School, on Friday last, were as interesting as usual. Prof. E. B. Bellinger has done some very excellent training during the past term and is worthy of the credit he has won in the field of education during his long experience.

Capt. J. F. Workman, a successful farmer and one of our most trustworthy citizens, is over seventy years of age. Recently he traveled over a considerable portion of the county and he tells us the crops this year are better than he remembers ever to have seen them during his long life, and are better worked than ever before. —Rock Hill Herald.

Specimens of granite taken from quarries opened up by culvert builders on the G. C. & N. R. R., on Mr. C. H. Lathan's plantation, in the Waxhaws, have been exhibited at Rock Hill and Columbia and are pronounced of superior quality. Granite is found in abundance in the Waxhaws and it is believed that the building of the railroad will develop the industry and make the quarries of value to the owners.